

Sisters' Society C. E.

The S. S. C. E.

Dear Sisters:—Tho I have not been writing to you much lately thru the paper, it has not been from indifference, but rather from the opposite. A part of my study hours have been taken up with private correspondence in arranging for my summer work in the west, together with the preparation of the S. S. C. E. program for the National Conference. With Sister Miller's help, and the suggestions from others, the program is now completed and ready for the conference program committee. It is to be hoped that those to whom work has been assigned will begin at once to think about their subject and determine to make it the best paper possible for them to give.

From the lengthy treasurer's report of last week, we rejoice that many of the societies are alive to their duty, and have made their semi-annual remittance promptly. But I also noticed that there are many other societies not yet reported. I am watching for the name of each society, anxious to know that you are yet faithfully at work. If you have so far failed to send your portion to Mrs. Augustine, do so yet as in this "better late than never" always holds good. I know all about the indifference that you must contend with in this part of the work, but instead of allowing it to influence you to give up, you should be inspired the more to Christian endeavor, because it is needed more.

Let the president and secretaries see to it then, and attend at once to this important part of the work, and thus save me the extra trouble of writing you personally.

The time of the commencement is drawing unavoidably near, when the pleasant associations of student life must be broken for a time. The situation of the college building helps to make school life very pleasant here, especially in the spring, and at present College Hill is just teeming with the loveliness of spring-tide. The bell for Bible class is ringing and I must abruptly close.

VIANNA DETWILER.

May 16, 1900.

Carleton, Neb.

Our society consists of twenty-five good energetic members. Mrs. E. E. Lichty is our President, Mrs. J. B. Whipkey Treasurer, and the writer Secretary. During the year 1899 the society made over \$25 which is used in defraying church expenses. I must tell you how we have made all this money. Brother McFaden used his good judgment and ability in getting the society a good lecturer of which we received a nice little sum.

The Aid Society gave a fair last fall which amounted to \$75 and we gave quite a few chicken and waffle dinners. We also serve ice cream every two weeks during the summer. We do quilting at \$1 per spool, and do sewing for any who ask us to help them out. You see we work hard, but we have

good president, and meet every two weeks and generally have a good time with our work

We only have one trouble with our society, and that is, our country members do not take an interest in the society as they might. I know we poor town members have just about as much work to do as the country members. Some of them we can excuse, while others we can hardly excuse. Our church needs repairing this summer, and the society has shouldered part of the debt, so we have something in view to work for.

Brother McFaden will give a lecture this week for the benefit of the society, and his lectures are always well attended. Our society has the reputation of doing well whatever it undertakes, and on that account is always well patronized.

MRS. F. P. BEACHY, Sec.

Our Young People

Duty's Path

Out from the harbor of youth's bay
There leads the path of pleasure;
With eager steps we walk that way
To brim joy's largest measure.
But when with morn's departing beam
Goes youth's last precious minute,
We sigh, "'Twas but a fevered dream—
There's nothing in it."

Then on our vision dawns afar
The goal of glory, gleaming
Like some great radiant solar star,
And sets us longing, dreaming.
Forgetting all things left behind;
We strain each nerve to win it,
But when 'tis ours, alas! we find
There's nothing in it.

We turn our sad, reluctant gaze
Upon the path of duty;
Its barren, uninviting ways
Are void of bloom and beauty.
Yet in that road, tho dark and cold
It seems as we begin it,
As we press on, lo! we behold
There's heaven in it.

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

HOW TO BE A GOOD NEIGHBOR

Luke 10:25-37

Topic, June 3

It is one of the beauties of the Bible that while great learning is required to rightly interpret part of it, yet all that is essential for guidance in life's duties is so plain that a child may understand it. Who can fail to see the lesson of this parable of the good Samaritan? James the brother of Jesus, puts the truth in abstract form—"Pure and undefiled religion before our God and Father is this, to visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep himself unspotted from the world." If James had not called this religion we would surely call it *morality* for we are accustomed to think of religion as inseparably bound up with churches and forms of worship. Not so. The plow and harrow and harvester are not the crop, but helps to care for the crop. So the church may plant, and worship may water, but the Spirit of God working in us giveth the increase, which is love.

Does this imply that we may aim at acts of charity and a respectable life and call that religion? Far from it. That is morality. The difference between religion and morality is that morality is inspired by external forces,—public opinion, etc., while religion—the Christian religion—is inspired by an inward force. "Christ liveth in me" and "The love of

Christ constraineth me." Morality is artificial; Christianity is living, genuine. Morality is abstract; Christianity is animated by the love of a person, and there is all the difference in the world between the power of these two motives. This lesson should do more than teach us what a good neighbor does; it should teach us how to get the inspiration to do likewise. That inspiration is in the life of Jesus. "We love because he first loved us." Let those who will discuss the structure of the trinity or live in seclusion with their empty forms, but let us among men and in sympathy with men show that God is love and that our lives are hid with Christ in Him.

SCRIPTURE HELP

1 Religious forms are means of grace, Matt. 5:17; Matt. 23:23; Eph. 4:11-13. Meditate upon this until it is clear. Illustrate it. It will lead us to see the importance of ordinances yet the greater importance of the lessons they teach.

2 The essence of Christianity—love to God and man. Rom. 13:8-10; Mk. 12:30-34; Gal. 5:6; John 13:35; I John 3:11.

3 How love is manifested. Acts 10:38; Matt. 23:11; Luke 6:36; Matt. 10:42; 25:40; Gal. 6:1, 2; Jas. 1:29; I Thess. 5:14; Heb. 13:2.

4 How love is rewarded. Matt. 12:50; Gal. 6:9, 10; Rev. 22:12; Heb. 6:10.

FOR ANSWER IN THE MEETING

1 How is love to one's neighbor a test of love to God? I John 4:20, 21.

2 What is the difference between the old and the new commandment? II John 5; John 13:34

3 In giving are we to give just what is requested, or are we to give what we think will be best?

4 Are Christians good neighbors in order to be saved or because they are saved?

5 As we go down to Jericho what are some thieves we need to guard against today?

6 Who are the priests and Levites today?

7 What does it mean to do our good acts "In the name of a disciple?" Matt. 10:42

8 Are we to make neighbors of our social equals only? Luke 14:12

9 What constitutes a good neighbor?

10 How does the church and our society help us to be good neighbors. C. F. YODER.

SERMON ECHOES

LOUIS S. BAUMAN

Time cannot change truth.

Pity the man who has no enemies.

Little children trample toes; big ones trample hearts.

Fools rest on speculations; wise men on certainties.

Better an accusing world than an accusing conscience.

It wouldn't hurt some people to lose their reputations.

Some people ought to be labelled,—"Look out! Fresh smut!"

Mighty big devils can sometimes crawl into mighty little people.

The death pangs of earth, are the birth-pangs of heaven.

There is no life so white that it don't need God's cleansing.

If you want a steady job, go to work for the Lord.

An intoxicating picture is as dangerous as an intoxicating cup.

Roann, Ind.